THREE

Belgic FABLES;

OR,

Hieroglyphic Ridles.

CONTAINING

I. The FABLE of the Crafty *Stateſman* and Subtle *Cardinal.*

II. The *Paſſive* GOOSE.

III. The —— BULL-DOG and *Tooth-Drawer.*

Illuſtrated with Proper CUTTS.

Since Egyptians *of old Monuments did erect,*
On which future Ages might freely reflect,
And view the Tranſactions in Church, or in State,
As plain as Joſephus *did ever relate:*
Then why may not we be compleatly as wiſe,
And (as wrote in fair Letters) read theſe with our Eyes.

Conſcius ipſe ſibi de ſe putat omnia Dici. Cato.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. More* near St. *Pauls.* MDCCXXIX. (*Price 6 d.*)

BRITISH MUSEUM

FAB. I.

The STATESMAN *and* CARDINAL.

—— Quid non Mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames? —— Virg. Æn.

BRITONS, behold! what Medly Virtues meet?
How the ſly Cardinal, and Stateſman greet!
Large Sums are offered to engage the Prieſt,
Secure the Cauſe, and bribe this Son of Chriſt:
Your Judgment's ask'd; who bears the greateſt Blame,
He who'd preſerve, or he who'd loſe his Fame?
With faint Repulſe he graſps the tempting Gold;
And Eyes the Treaſure, which has bought and ſold;
Treaſures, much larger than what *Judas* took;
He views the alluring Bait, but dreads the Hook.
The artful Tempter throws his Wealth around,
For who'd betray his Honour for a Pound?
Thus when the Prince of Darkneſs wou'd trapan
Th' unwary Fool, and damn the Soul of Man,
One ſingle Pleaſure ne'er ſecures the Prize,
'Tis Number moſt prevails, and blinds his Eyes.

The Paſſive GOOSE

Patientia fit levius quicquid corrigere eſt Nefas.

COnſider Friends, 'tis Time t'implore your Aid,
See what a mournful Spectacle I'm made!
Rob'd of my Plumes, I've nothing more to loſe,
And ſure 'tis hard t'inſult a naked Gooſe.
Long have I ſtood th' Upraidings of a Tribe,
Swol'n big with Envy and gigantick Pride,
Now, like a Victim to my Foes, I bow,
Harden'd with Wrongs, and ſtupid in my Woe:
Thus when Republicks feel th' opreſſive Hands
Of Tyrant Stateſmen, and unjuſt Commands;
The Paſſive Subject mourns his Freedom loſt,
And unreveng'd muſt bear th' inſulting Hoſt,
With ſuppliant Cries, in vain he thinks to move
Breaſts ſteel'd to Mercy, and devoid of Love.

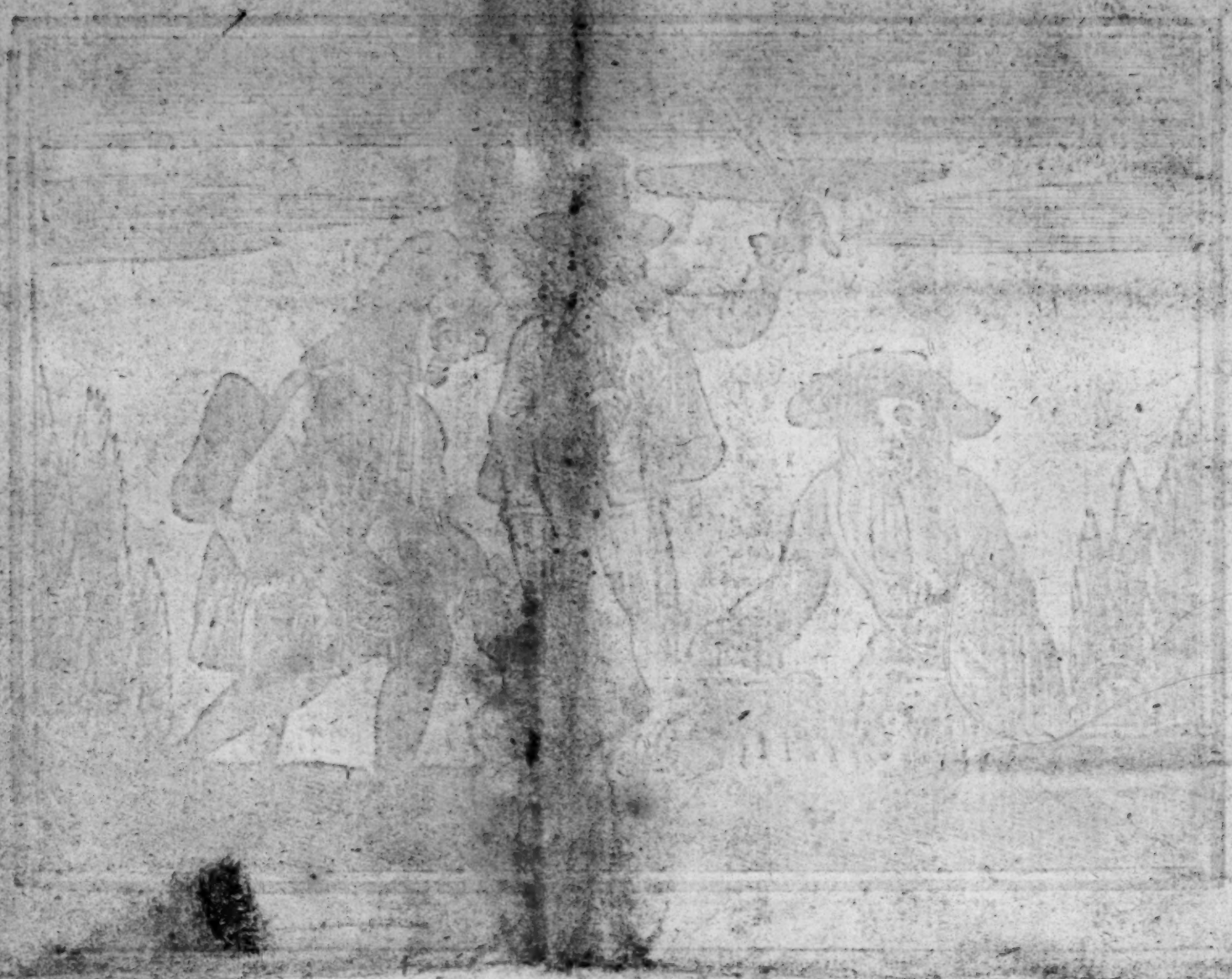
FAB. III.

The DOG *and the* TOOTH-DRAWER.

Facile invenire baculum ut Canem cedas.

YE Sons of Art ſurvey this Comic Scene,
And ſpeak what 'tis theſe Antick Figures mean;
A clumſy Peaſant throws the couchant Beaſt;
And binds him down to lull his Ire to reſt;
The grave Mechanick ſtoops with artful Hand,
Diſarms his Jaws, and ſhortens his Command,
Puts on his ſureſt Eyes, and trimly views,
Which Teeth are beſt to keep, and which to loſe.
With curtail'd Cloak an Haughty *Don* ſtands by,
Lifts high his Staff, and waves it in the Sky;
The Emblem's plain; for when a Dog's once low,
'Tis no hard Task to keep him always ſo.

FINIS



BRITISH
24 JY 78
MUSEUM